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COVER PHOTO OF ALANI BY PONY GOLD

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TABOO Editorial

STRICTLY SPEAKING



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Just because you're kinky doesn't mean you're crazy. *The Journal of Sexual Medicine*, a respected scientific publication, recently reported on a Dutch study whose results indicate that BDSM players might be psychologically healthier than their vanilla neighbors. Andreas Wismeijer, a psychologist at Nyenrode Business University in the Netherlands, asked 902 BDSM practitioners and 434 vanilla folk to fill out questionnaires on personality, sensitivity to rejection, style of attachment in relationships and well-being.

The results revealed that kinksters were more extroverted, more open to new experiences and more conscientious than vanilla participants; they were less neurotic (a personality trait

marked by anxiety), scored lower than the general public on rejection sensitivity and reported higher levels of well-being and more secure feelings of attachment in their relationships than the subjects in the control group.

The study has its flaws, quickly seized upon by its detractors. The respondents were all volunteers, and when shrinks start asking about your sex life, whatever it is, there's a tendency to paint a pretty rosy picture.

Nevertheless, Wismeijer felt confident to speculate that: "BDSM practitioners tend to be more aware of their sexual needs and desires than vanilla people, which could translate to less frustration in bed and in relationships. Coming to terms with their unusual sexual predilections and choosing to live the BDSM lifestyle may also take hard psychological work that translates to positive mental health."

This study bears on the raging controversy over the DSM-5, the newest edition of the definitive psychiatrist's manual, which still lists BDSM as a paraphilia, or unusual sexual fixation. Though the DSM-5 doesn't label BDSM a disorder unless it causes harm to the practitioner or others, does BDSM really belong in there at all? Not too long ago, the DSM defined gay sexual orientation in similar language.

Studies like Wismeijer's tend to dispel the stigma around otherwise ordinary people with unconventional sexual inclinations. It's progress on the long road from "scary freaks" to "harmless eccentrics next door." We hope to see more like it.

—Ernest Greene, Executive Editor





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HUSTLER'S TABOO (ISSN 1099-5137) Vol. 16, No. 4, November 2013. Published monthly, except March and July, by LFP Publishing Group, LLC, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Copyright © 2013 by LFP Publishing Group, LLC. All rights reserved. Nothing herein may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission of the publisher. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and LFP Publishing Group, LLC assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. All letters sent to HUSTLER'S TABOO will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to HUSTLER'S TABOO's right to edit and comment editorially. Any similarity between persons and places in fictional portions of this magazine and any real persons and places is purely coincidental. All photos posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos nor words used to describe them are meant to depict models' actual conduct, statements or personalities. SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION: For subscription customer service, call (800) 345-7413. A one-year subscription is \$39.95. This price represents HUSTLER'S TABOO's standard subscription rate and should not be confused with special subscription offers sometimes advertised. No Canadian or other foreign orders accepted. Back issues are \$12 each, postage and taxes included. Change of address: Allow six weeks' advance notice and send in both your old and new addresses. ATTN: POSTMASTER: Send change of address to HUSTLER'S TABOO, P.O. Box 16975, North Hollywood, CA 91615-9363. Periodicals Postage Paid at Beverly Hills, CA, and at additional mailing offices. HUSTLER'S TABOO is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office to LFP IP, LLC, which licenses the mark to LFP Publishing Group, LLC. **PRINTED IN CANADA.**





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Lexi's a pretty piece of meat, trembling in her shackles. My customer is most demanding and expects his fuck-toys to be as obedient as they are pretty. I put her on her knees and use her mouth for an ashtray. Knowing her future depends on her submission, she licks my shoe eagerly. I need to see how much Lexi can take before I close the deal. The nipple clamps are tight, but lots of girls can deal with that. Rigid restraints and a spider gag keep her good and docile in the chair with her fine haunches stuck out for my paddle. I give it to her hard, the perforated stainless steel biting deep into her fine ass cheeks. Lexi sweats and yelps and drools as I pound her backside, but she stays in position. I'm impressed so far.

Now I need to see her come. Cinching her in a tight rope harness and hoisting her leg to spread her wide, I pump her with a rubber dork until she gives it up. I like Lexi's noises. Maybe my client will find them cute. She's not shy about licking my sweaty tits or pissing on the floor in front of me, so she'll do the humiliating things he expects. He gets off on making his girls do each other. Unless she can take it up the ass, though, she's worthless to him, so I stuff her tailpipe with big beads. When Lexi begs to come from the anal intrusion, I'm sold, or more correctly, she's bought.







FETISH FABULOUS FLORIDA
 Hard to believe that fave kink event Fetish Factory recently celebrated its 18th birthday, but they did so in predictably grand style, taking over a four-star hotel for a weekend of revelry, commencing with a get-acquainted pool party. Over 800 perveratti attended Friday night's play soiree, a fitting lead-in to the main event, Saturday's Anniversary Fetish Ball. Crowds swelled to 2,000 for a long night of dance, play and performances featuring fetish faves Rubber Doll, aerialist-contortionist-pyrotechnic icon Chaingoddess Brandy, burlesque babe Val Vampyre, Canadian mixed-media artists Black Snake Circus, fet-fashion diva Kikimora, stage seductress Mimi Cherry and Montreal's dramatic domina, Ms. V. As the MC, Matt Havoc kept things moving along with typical aplomb. The weekend wound up with a special Extreme Players Party for those who like their kink with extra edge. This event somehow manages to surpass itself each year, and we're grateful for it.

PHOTOS BY GERRY KOENLER



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TABOO READERS
 RANT AND RAVE



Please keep those letters coming!
 —Groo Hanna

INVERSION PERVERSION

Talk about a talented sub! Aston (Aston and Simon—Maximum Turnover, September/October 2013) gives a better BJ suspended upside down than most girls can on their knees. She's got the kind of hot, glamorous look that works for me (and obviously for Simon) every time, and it's great that she seems to be having a fun time through the whole experience. It's great to see a beautiful and clever bondage babe having a fine time with a dom guy who appreciates her pleasure as much as his own.

—Carl R., Eugene, Oregon

TAIL OF TEMPTATION

Veruca (Veruca—Tail Training, September/October 2013), has a lovely face and great tits, but as a dedicated ass man, I appreciate the special attention given to hers, luscious as it is. The caning, paddling and spanking action was as hot as Veruca's bottom, and the double-dildo-dicking was nice and nasty, leading to one of the prettiest gapes I've seen. Topping it all off with a squirting milk enema was the icing on the cake. Kudos to photographer Dave Naz and Team TABOO.

—Frank Mathers, Portland, Maine

FLORES FAN

I'm an unabashed fan of April Flores as a video performer, and now you've given me a whole new reason to appreciate her. Bailey—Obedience School in your September/October issue showed off Ms. Flores's photographic talents—and her lovely model—in fine style. She really knows how to get those sweet suffering expressions that make a submissive girl irresistible. More, please!

—J.J., via e-mail



The Agony of Na Feet



Chinese lotus feet were bound and fit into tiny shoes like these.

Probably the second most common kink after BDSM is foot fetishism, and the two are not unrelated. Most commonly, foot fetishists are portrayed as submissive men who get off by "worshiping" women's feet—kissing them, tending them, costuming them and, if they're lucky, being treated to a "foot job," during which a clever foot is employed to rub one out of a foot-loving cock. Feet can also be instruments of domination, used for teasing, trampling and even kicking. But the long history of foot fetishism and the surprising list of societies and individuals known to have practiced it suggest a more complex dynamic than one-sided female-superior D/s.

Sexual attraction to the body's lowermost extremity is the object of

those objects associated with it—high heels, stockings, even sneakers—are consistently ranked the most common nonbiological objects of sexual desire.

Freud theorized that the foot's appeal lay in its resemblance to the penis, but failed to account for the variety of ways in which it finds sexual applications. A more amusing explanation, championed by neuroscientist Vilanayar Ramachandran, argues that the brain areas associated with genitalia and feet are adjacent to each other in the brain's body image map and that the attraction is largely physical. There's no doubt that being stimulated by feet or having feet stimulated can produce physical responses not unlike those associated with more obviously sexual bits.

This approach also explains why foot fetishism manifests itself not only among self-identified submissives but also among those with a taste for domination.

Nowhere has such "foot submission" been historically more widespread and more harrowing than in China, dating back to the Tenth-century

many foot-bound Chinese females were unable to walk unassisted and were thus subjugated to the control of their families and husbands. The custom mercifully fell prey to modernity, virtually eradicated under Chairman Mao.

But foot bondage in less extreme forms persists. Japanese *shibari* frequently involves restraining the feet with rope. In the West, specialized foot gear ranging from locking high heels to rigid steel restraints remains popular among enthusiasts not only for the immobility it imposes on the wearer but also, in the typical fetishistic manner, for the way it exaggerates the physical characteristics of the body part. Extreme heels create a dramatic arch and a voluptuous curve from ankle to toe. At the furthest extreme, ballet pointe boots force the foot to maximum extension, again hobbling the wearer and making the foot more vulnerable.

Owing to the high concentration of nerve endings confined to such a small surface area, feet are also extremely sensitive to stimulation, pleasurable or otherwise. Many cultures have devised specific punishments for use on the feet. The Romans applied heated iron plates to the soles. During The Inquisition feet were often roasted over open braziers or crushed by hinged metal plates. The Ottoman Empire employed a technique known as the *falanga* in which a prisoner's feet, immobilized in a pillory, were whipped with various instruments ranging from flexible bats to bullwhips. This practice was imported to Europe as the *bastinado*. Unfortunately, these practices persist in the oppressive regimes of many Middle Eastern countries.

These days, happily, "stimulation" of the feet is often employed in BDSM play in a more sophisticated manner intended to combine pain with pleasure. Tickling is a fetish in itself and its application below the ankles is a particular turn-on to tickling fanciers, though the sensations it produces—everything from hysterical laughter to loss of bladder control—put it firmly



feet at the time, find themselves unusually aroused and orgasmic after a moderate whipping or caning of the soles. One female foot whipping fanatic reports on her website that "with the simultaneous stimulation of the soles of my feet or toes and my clit and breasts, it's possible to eventually achieve orgasm."

It's important to remember, however, that feet are delicate machines constructed of small bones and wired with complex



much scientific and social speculation, some of it pretty arcane. It has been suggested, for example, that stimulation by foot has the practical advantage of lowering the risk of unwanted pregnancy or STD exposure; but the practice predates such modern concerns and transcends geographical boundaries in a way that suggests intrinsic attraction. Among nongenital body parts, the foot sprints ahead of all others in popularity, and

T'sng Dynasty. In pursuit of the esthetically perfect ped, Chinese women suffered for centuries with the custom of foot binding. Starting at an early age every toe would be broken except for the big toe. Then the foot was wrapped with binding cloth. The girls were put into smaller shoes until their foot was about four inches long. Not only was the process excruciatingly painful, the end result was helplessness. As grown women,

on the "No" list of many a submissive.

Foot spanking and foot caning are immensely popular with corporal punishment enthusiasts, both among disciplinarians and penitents. Foot caning in particular produces a sharp stinging sensation that lingers after impact.

Again, possibly as a result of brain wiring, foot whipping can produce a direct sexual response in the recipient. Many submissive women, including some who don't consider themselves masochistic and don't enjoy painful sensations applied to their

neural nets. Therefore, they must be considered extremely fragile and whipped or spanked with extra caution. Anyone contemplating this kind of play would be well advised to research both the anatomy involved and the techniques used by experienced players to produce the maximum degree of excitement with the minimum risk of injury.

At its best, foot play, whether in the dominant or submissive role, is a shortcut to orgasms of terrific intensity. But, like most shortcuts, it's best explored with caution and risk awareness. □



BROOKLYN SPILL SEEKER

PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT



The boss isn't pleased to find his expensive new toy giving one of his bodyguards a BJ. He orders the wayward henchman to take Brooklyn out back and teach her a lesson. She looks mighty fine splayed on the hose real with her parts clearly exposed below her corset, but he knows better than to listen to her pleas. He whips her ass hard and long, and when he finally takes her down, he cranks on the tight nipple clamps. He needs to leave some proof, so he strips her naked and uses the vicious dressage whip on her thighs, buttocks and cunt while she squirms and howls.

He'd love to fuck her now, but that would be a mistake. Instead, he probes her cunt and asshole with gloved fingers, and when she pleads with him to get her off, he stuffs a ring gag in her mouth and hammers her insides with a dick-on-a-stick. Brooklyn sweats and drools and whines, squirming when he uses the hand-dildo on her. It's inevitable. She's going to come even though her tits sting and her ass burns. That's not supposed to happen, but there's only so much a person can resist.

Afterward, she begs him to let her piss, her bladder bursting with pent-up fear and lust. She looks at him with pitiful gratitude as the streams squirt on the ground, her mouth open and waiting to demonstrate her appreciation. They'll both get it even worse this time, but some things are worth the risk.







URINATION NATION

FEATURING
OLGA AND ERIC

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVE NAZ

When it comes to humbling slaves Eric is an expert. And Olga is a sex doll who can't stop coming no matter what disgusting things are done to her. Mascara running in black streaks down her face, she promises to obey as required without complaint.

But that's not enough to convince him of her abject submission. She'll have to prove her complete obedience the hard way, wallowing in the mud while he pisses all over her, working his way up and down between her face and her pussy. How can one man produce so much urine? Olga gags on his acrid streams, the convulsions causing her own bursting bladder to let go, soaking her down from head to toe. His effluents and hers mix in a river down on every inch of her. Grabbing Olga by a hank of sopping hair, he drags her around to look up at him. She'll do whatever it takes to get him off. She eagerly sucks his rigid meat clean, vacuuming out the last drops of his piss. Olga tilts her head up, closing her eyes and opening wide for the river of hot lava he empties down her throat with a series of grunts and spurts.

Covered in muck and defiled as she'd never thought possible, Olga will be a much more valuable instrument of pleasure from now on. Next time, she'll be ready with even dirtier tricks to prove what an apt pupil she's become. □





BY NINA HARTLEY

TABOO'S Sub-Space is devoted to the experiences, questions and concerns of submissive women and the men (and women) who love them. In our continuing effort to give voices and faces to the love slaves of our dreams, we provide this forum for fem-sub BDSM players to share their most intimate secrets with *TABOO* readers. This month, XXX superstar Nina Hartley, who enthusiastically participates in BDSM play as both Domme and sub, offers her advice. She welcomes readers' queries for future installments.

DEAR NINA,

After many years of dabbling in BDSM strictly in the bedroom I've finally found a Master with whom I'd like to try building a 24/7 relationship, even though I have a job outside the home. The sex is great so far. We've found we like a lot of the same things, and it's a pretty long list. My question: What do I do when Master and I disagree and Master is clearly in the wrong? What if I'm not over the incident over which we disagreed but Master wants me to be over it and his way of getting over things is sex? What if I'm not in the mood to fuck but want to honor my commitment to him? I know I can be a feminist as well as a slave, but this is where it's hard to reconcile the two.

—Struggling, Memphis, Tennessee

Dear Struggling:

Congratulations on finding a Master you consider worthy of your time, attention and effort! Partner selection is the critical component in building a D/s relationship. The overarching positive mutual regard is what gets you past the sticky points, such as what you're experiencing now.

Disagreements arise in all relationships. Assuming the disagreement is not a deal-breaker, how you address it sets the tone for the relationship as a whole.

Using what protocol you've already created, request permission to state your side of the case and then do so in a respectful manner. I've found that kneeling naked and collared with my knees open and my hands behind my back or neck predisposes Master to pay close attention (and appreciate my efforts to play by our rule book). It also serves to keep me mindful of what I'm building with him.

Stick to "I" statements when you share how you feel or think. He may be Master, but you're not a doormat. If you don't feel respected, your desire to submit will evaporate over time. You may feel butterflies in the stomach or dry mouth from anxiety, but keep at it. Just because a situation is challenging emotionally doesn't mean it's hopeless. The two of you are still creating the dynamic that will power your relationship. That can be scary, which is where protocol is so helpful. You can speak for yourself while maintaining your identity as his slave.

If he ends up overruling you, expect to be on your back with your legs open. I'm assuming he's not fucking you in anger so you can use your conflicted emotions to immerse yourself more deeply in submission. You may experience a breakthrough into a deeper level of intimacy. The discipline of serving him well when you still have unresolved conflicts should incline him to respect your feelings when you share them later. That's when he

SUB SPACE

needs to show he can be flexible as well as dominant the way you can be assertive and still submissive. Good luck!

DEAR NINA,

I'm new to the BDSM scene, and I've done some reading in which I keep coming across the notion that "submission is a gift." Is this a way to make modern women less squicked out by the idea of calling their lover "Master" or "Sir"? I'm no biodeterminist but can't deny that I get wet and juicy when a new partner really takes control during sex. It doesn't feel like a "gift," which implies that I'm doing something to get something in return. It just feels like I'm doing what I enjoy.

I've always responded strongly to forceful lovers and get bored after a few months if the sex starts to become conventional and vanilla. I think I'd be happier in a more structured sexual situation with a partner who really likes to be in charge all the time in the bedroom and doesn't get lazy once he thinks he has me. I'm no pillow princess who expects my partner to do all the work, but I want him to respond as eagerly as I do without having to top from the bottom. Thoughts?

—Confused, Williamsburg, Virginia

Dear Confused:

Submission's not a gift if you don't think of it that way. That mind-set may help some women reconcile their social training with their sexual behaviors and desires, to help them feel "equal to" as opposed to "less than" their partners. It doesn't sound to me like you have that problem. You've already accepted that sexual submission is part of your nature, politically correct or not. Your problem, and you have plenty of company, is finding a partner who's done the same homework.

Until I met the man whom I now call Master, I was like you. The early stages of a sexual relationship when his testosterone-fueled lust felt free and unforged and he couldn't keep his hands off of me were always the hottest for me. Inevitably, the "shiny and new" glow would fade, and I'd be left with a rather conventional partner who had no new ideas of his own, so I'd be on the hunt again.

I wasn't specifically looking for a D/s relationship when I met my Master, but playing from the submissive role was a requirement of having sex with him, and I was so hot for him (and he was so good at being his bad self) that I gladly played along, not knowing where it would lead.

At first it was hard to square my feminist training with my sexual instincts, but I couldn't deny my response to him or that the sex was the best I'd ever had. Thirteen years later, it still is, and I have no doubt at all that D/s is the key, as he's lost none of his primal sexual response to me, which is all I ever wanted from a lover, even before I could put words to what made me hot.

I'd say that submission is a predictable response to dominance if you're wired that way; and if feminism isn't about honoring your nature as a woman, I'm not sure what good it does. No need to use others' definitions if you're happy with your own. □





ASPHYXIA OPENING NIGHT

Photography by DAVE NAZ

The training always starts with pain. Clothespins to pinch my tits and hard paddles to my butt make me wet, but that's incidental. It's convenient, though, when he takes me by the throat and orders me to excite myself. If he'd squeeze a little harder, I'd be coming. On command I demonstrate the presentations for fucking from the front or the rear, but that's just to shame me. He compliments me on the lushness of my big, juicy cunt, but it's the other hole he intends to open.

I'm no anal virgin, but I haven't been schooled to his particular whims when it comes to butt sex, and as his new slave I have things to learn, like raising my tail high for the hard, bumpy glass dildo and not fighting my restraints as the rigid spheres stretch my sphincters. Not only must a slave's ass be open for use, it must be clean and inviting. Shoved into the bathroom, my legs straddling the toilet backward, I stick out my rump for the nozzle. The bulging enema bag full of milk has my guts churning by the time it's half empty, but the expulsion is sheer bliss and I don't care if he sees it. In a moment, I'm going to be chained down on the rotating disk with my feet above my head so he can spin me around to penetrate my ass and my mouth at will with any instrument that pleases him, especially his own. Tonight it's no holes barred for the man I call Master.







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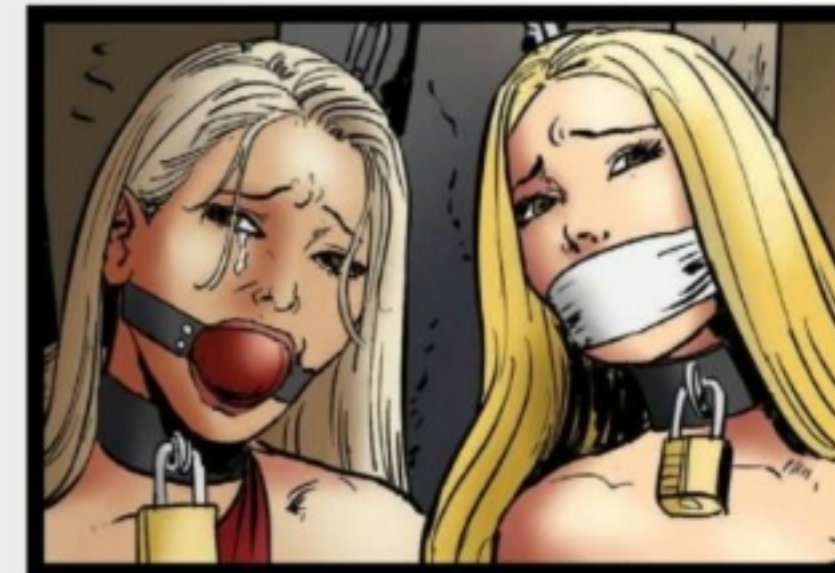




VIXENS & VILLAINS

**FERNANDO—DIABOLICAL DUDES,
DELICIOUS DAMES**

Special Feature by Ernest Greene

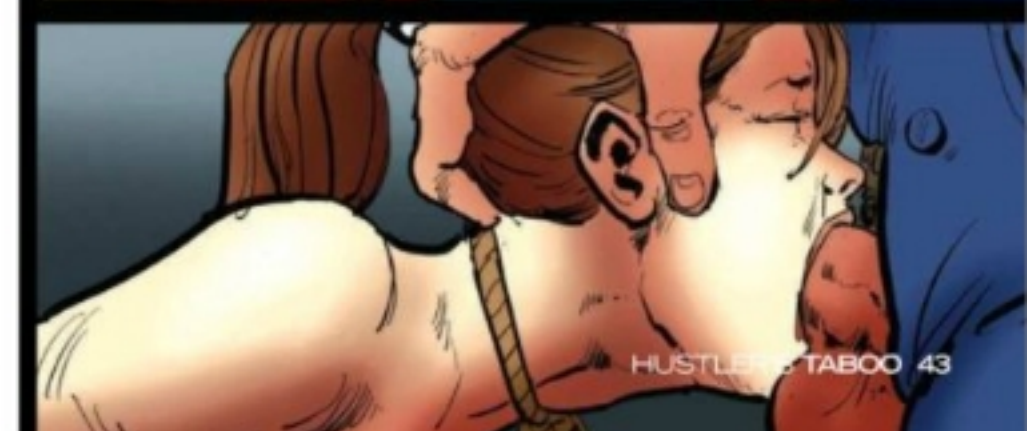


ARTWORK BY FERNANDO

Fernando's technical mastery as a comic artist is truly formidable, his noirish style reminiscent of *Batman*'s Frank Miller and his painstakingly detailed renderings sharing some strokes with *Blade Runner*'s legendary visual futurist, Syd Mead. He surely shares the dark imagination of both, conjuring alternative realities of brutish, amoral hedonism at once nightmarish and alluring. Fernando's bleak, pitiless landscape of cyberpunk futurism is all too familiar precisely because it is extrapolated from the realities we see on our big, flat-screen, hi-def TVs during the evening news.

But what makes Fernando's tales of innocence debauched so fascinating and disturbing, and so different from the graphic novel art-form's stance of ironic detachment, is that he allows us no comforting distance from the vile extremes of carnality that lie beneath the thin scrim of social decency. Goodness still exists in Fernando's cosmos, but it seems a dim and flickering object amid the riotous depravity of worlds gone mad with feral lust. Even more troubling is the perspectives from which we are compelled to view these worlds—those of the helpless, beautiful girls who are the objects of his villains' lust-crazed attentions. Far from the interchangeable, empty-headed dolls who populate much BDSM illustration, Fernando's girls are as complex and virtuous as his repugnant thugs are mindless and cold-blooded.

He lets us get to know them, to understand their courage, their determination, their loyalty to one another, their willingness to sacrifice and suffer to protect those they love, in a way that makes them all too human. Their suffering at the hands of



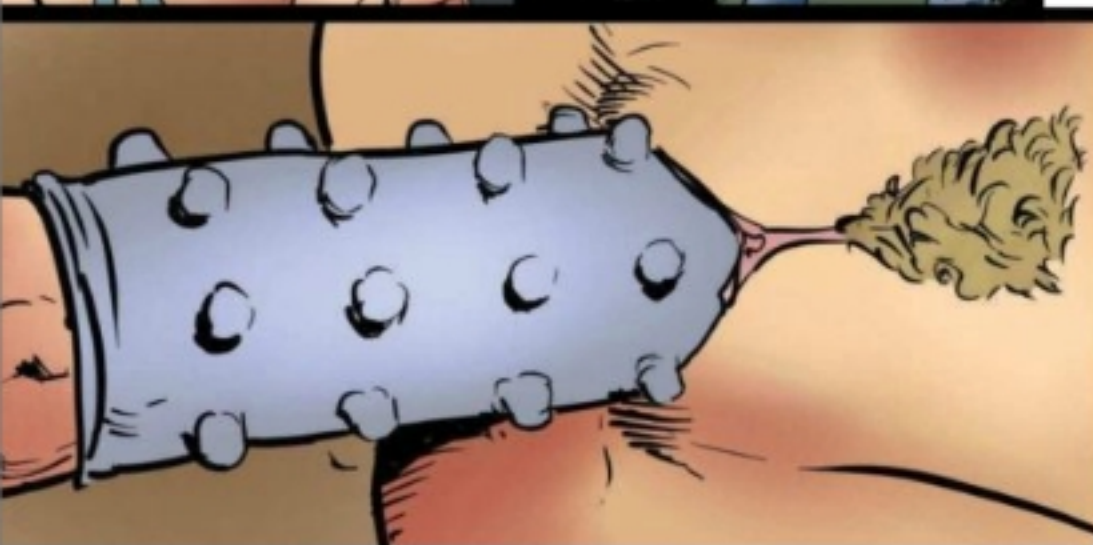


their perverse overlords isn't merely physical. No amount of harsh sexual use or intricately devised torture is as terrible for them as the choices they face between condemning themselves to even worse treatment or enabling its infliction on the other women and girls who are the only sources of love and kindness in a universe devoid of compassion.

Like so many artists who dwell on the shadowed side of human nature, Fernando himself is a study in contradictions. Wry and ironic, refreshingly free of artistic hubris, he takes his work far more seriously than he takes himself. Not one to wax confessional about his personal life, or to waste words on the greater meanings hidden beneath the slick surfaces of his raunchy, gaudy Grand Guignols, Fernando reveals much by what he chooses to conceal. His passions are there on the page for all to see.

HT: You have a very polished and professional style. Is this the product of any formal artistic training or an invention of your own?
FERNANDO: I'm a self-taught artist, having been drawing since I was three or four years old. I was inspired by the great comic artists of my own youth.

HT: How did you become involved in creating BDSM comics?



FERNANDO: I started out drawing pinups for a BDSM website a couple of years back, then came upon *Dofantasy* and *BDSMartwork.com*. Initially, I was just interested in drawing pinups, but eventually Nuria convinced me to try my hand at comics. I've been enjoying creating BDSM graphic novels since then.

HT: Your work seems to reflect some personal tastes and interests. Have you had any BDSM exposure in your personal life?

FERNANDO: None at all, but I may take it up soon. Except that I'm deadlocked with my wife on who'll wear the handcuffs.

HT: In your opinion, what makes a particular piece of BDSM fantasy art "hot"?

FERNANDO: It's different strokes for different folks, I guess. But for me, no matter how good the pose, situation and facial expression is, it's no good if the woman is unattractive. Once that's taken care of, you must ensure that the face conveys the right emotion. The eyes are the most important, but so is getting the rest of the face just right. Then, finally, there's the pose, of course. I tend to naturally emphasize sexy over uncomfortable and painful, but with Nuria's help and guidance, I've learned how to prioritize both.

HT: Who are some other BDSM artists whose work you admire or who influenced you in some way?

FERNANDO: I grew up on mainstream comic books, so most of my influences are from the superhero genre. I hadn't really seen much BDSM art before I started creating it. But I would say my drive to improve my art has recently been inspired by European erotic comic artists like Milo Manara and Giovanna Casotto. *Dofantasy's* Templeton also makes really great art and combines it with excellent storytelling.

HT: Your art has a very "American" feeling to it. Do you see a lot of comic art from over here?

FERNANDO: I'm sure my early exposure to American comic books from DC and Marvel, such as *Spider-man*, *Batman* and *The Fantastic Four* has something to do with that. Comics are sort of an American genre from which artists around the world borrow elements.

HT: Some of your work, like *The Great Rebellion*, seems very topical. Do you get ideas for new comics from journalistic sources?

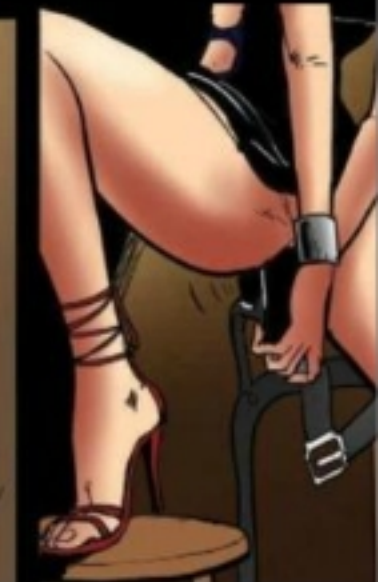
FERNANDO: Not really. It's just a coincidental relationship with reality. The objective in *TGR* was to set up a fantasy world where Caucasian women were enslaved by non-Caucasian men. There's not a lot of ways to make that happen other than by having an uprising against a mainly white population. The story would have probably come up in my head even if George W. Bush hadn't invaded Iraq, which is sort of the opposite of the scenario I devised.

HT: You're very prolific. How do you manage to make so much art on a continuing basis?

FERNANDO: I draw quite fast. I also use computers in every aspect of production, and that helps a lot. I haven't drawn on paper for a very long time now.

HT: The women you draw are amazingly beautiful and the men are amazingly ugly. We understand why the women are beautiful, but does it add something to the cruelty of the fantasy to make the bad guys especially unattractive?

FERNANDO: In real life, it's cruel to force a woman to have sex, be it with a handsome or ugly man. But in comics, drawing the bad guys ugly is a tried-and-tested way to characterize "evil." It also adds an element of dis-





gust for the victim. You can be subtle in other media, like film, where you can employ a good-looking, debonair villain with a British accent and still make him convincing. That doesn't work for comics. I guess some part of it is also the "Ron Jeremy phenomenon." Guys might be more interested in seeing a regular or ugly man have sex with a beautiful woman than they would a good-looking man doing the same things.

HT: As an artist, you attempt some very interesting and difficult techniques—unusual angles and points of view, close-ups of important details, very exacting draftsmanship. How do you use these elements to construct a story?

FERNANDO: One thing you learn from mainstream American comic books is the importance of good visual storytelling and layout. Knowledge of film theory also helps. Though I didn't really formally study these things, I think I just instinctively absorb good practice where I see it in art and film.

HT: In many of your stories, the enslaved women either rebel or attempt to escape. They often have strong personalities and resist submission as much as possible. Does this reflect a personal bent or does it just add drama to the narrative?

FERNANDO: I'd say it's more about heightening the drama. You intensify the degree of subjugation if there's resistance. When I do get to try BDSM in my personal life, I'll let you know if it's actually a matter of personal taste.

HT: Though they often put up a good fight, the women always lose in the end. Do you think this is how things naturally work between men and women, or does it simply make better fantasy material?

FERNANDO: That's a good one! Where I come from, women have good opportunities and enjoy relatively equal treatment. What I draw is purely fantasy. If I were female, I'd probably draw women enslaving men.

HT: You create many alternate realities in which women are slaves, or occasionally dominatrices. Would you be happy in such a reality?

FERNANDO: Someone once told me his dream job would be working on the backstage crew of lingerie fashion shows. I told him it's probably not for me, since it might wear out the novelty and excitement of seeing sexy women dressed in very little, if I saw it every day. If my stories were reality, in which women were openly bought and sold and used, people in that reality would probably fantasize about courtship, love and family. Believe it or not, I have fairly conservative values in real life.

HT: Do you work from models, photographs or just from your own imagination?

FERNANDO: Mostly from photographs and memory. I think I've developed my skills enough not to need live models. The only live models I use are my own hands, for when I'm drawing a difficult hand pose. I probably wouldn't be as productive if I had live models in front of me.

HT: There's something a bit subversive about your work. Power of any kind—religious, political or economic—always seems to come with corruption and perversion in the same package. Is there some political commentary behind all the sex?

FERNANDO: I guess that's there, though the politics functions primarily as a means to deliver a sexually exciting story, and not the other way around. □

You can see more of Fernando's work in *HUSTLER'S TABOO ILLUSTRATED Magazine*.





Photography by Lee Forbes



DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,

I'm a big fan of yours. I have an autographed copy of your book and recently discovered your radio show, *Sex Out Loud*. I'm fortunate to have a sexually adventurous girlfriend. We engage in anal sex all the time and we both love it. It could safely be said that I'm crazy for anal sex. Is it possible to be addicted to anal sex, since that is ultimately where I always want to end up?

—Nuts for Butts

Dear Nuts for Butts:

We all have different tastes and preferences when it comes to sex. You clearly enjoy anal sex. It's fantastic that you've found a partner who shares your erotic interests! As long as you're both on the same page, don't worry. You like what you like and that's okay. The whole concept of "sex addiction" has gained popularity in the last decade, and I, like many other sex educators, find it problematic. There are people who engage in sexually compulsive behaviors that interfere with their relationships and their lives. Those folks should get therapy to uncover how they use sex to deal with other issues. However, the sex addiction model and the majority of its corresponding experts, clinics and rehab programs are huge moneymaking enterprises that prey on people's shame and guilt about their sexuality. Folks with desires that fall outside of societal norms are particularly susceptible to this kind of snake oil. Many sex addiction "programs" are steeped in morality, religion and sex-negative beliefs. As a result, they can do more harm than good.

DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,

During our eight years together, my wife and I have enjoyed great monogamous sex and superb communication. I introduced her to rimming early on. She thought the idea was disgusting at first but later admitted to adoring it. Nothing makes her come as quickly as my tongue on her ass. As for ass fucking, she says she's not so keen on it in itself but likes it because it's part of our play. We have anal sex about two times a month. Her ass doesn't loosen up easily. She finds more than one finger unpleasant. My tongue has limited dilating power and toys don't hold her interest. I've noticed that, the moment I make contact on her asshole with my cock, her sphincters open readily. She says that as we practice, taking me up her butt gets easier. Am I presumptuous to believe that if I'm persistent she might join me in full-on backdoor fandom, or would I be doing our relationship a favor if I accepted ass-fucking as something occa-

ANAL ADVISOR

BY TRISTAN TAORMINO



Welcome to my column, *Anal Advisor*. I'm Tristan Taormino, author of *The Ultimate Guide to Anal Sex for Women* and producer/director/star of the video of the same name. In addition to being a writer and editor, I teach sex workshops all over the world. I receive dozens of letters and e-mails daily about anal sex, and I love to share a few of those questions and answers with all of you. For more anal advice and adventures, check out my Web site, puckerup.com, and my reality porn series for Vivid called *Chemistry*.



and inhibition. Her reservations about some activities have proved to be based on a lack of confidence in owning her sexual desires. This has understandably confused you, but you've hung in there and gotten great results.

However, problems can arise if what she says actually reflects her desires and you don't hear her because of your past experiences. You need a real heart-to-heart conversation where you gently call her attention to the way her paradoxical "No, I hate that. Do it more!" response trips you up. Tell her you want to respect her boundaries, but you're uncertain of them due to her mixed messages. This direct tactic might scare the crap out of her, so be prepared to support her with compassion if she retreats. In addition, you need to revisit your foreplay routine. If she doesn't like more than one finger, work on finding a toy she does like. Going from one finger to your cock isn't a proper build-up. If she's better warmed up, she's more likely to experience real pleasure rather than mere tolerable discomfort. If she can overcome her inner conflicts about anal sex, more relaxed and a better experience overall will be the likely result.

DEAR ANAL ADVISOR,

After reading your book, I have a question about cleanliness and anal sex with an intact penis. Are the risks and issues different if the cock is uncircumcised?

—Anal Uncut

Dear Uncut:

Whether you're dealing with a circumcised or uncircumcised penis, unprotected anal intercourse can

sional and restrained? —Doing It Right in the Butt

Dear Doing It Right:

I'd really love to hear your wife's perspective. It sounds like there's a contradiction between what she says about certain anal activities and what she actually feels. We aren't taught to speak openly about our desires. Women are especially prone to feeling embarrassed and inhibited about voicing what they like and want in bed, particularly when what we want isn't the norm. She may feel some level of shame, ambivalence or judgment about her own sexual turn-ons.

I understand your logic. She dismissed rimming, engaged in it and enjoyed it a whole lot, so maybe history will repeat itself with anal intercourse. It may or it may not.

My concern is that communication between you two is stymied by her shyness

expose you and your partner to sexually transmitted infections (STIs). Some research suggests that a cock with a foreskin is more susceptible to STI transmission than one without. Even if you've tested negative for STIs and are in a monogamous sexual relationship, there's still an issue with which to contend: exposure to rectal bacteria and fecal matter. If you're worried about cleanliness, the receiving partner should have an enema in advance to reduce the probability of contamination. The main concern is bacteria from the rectum finding its way into the foreskin (causing a surface infection) or into the urethral opening, which can lead to a bladder infection or prostatitis, an inflammation of the prostate. The best way to protect yourself is to wear a condom. You should always pee after anal sex and you can shower and clean the foreskin as an extra precaution. □



SCARLETT MAID FOR MISCHIEF

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUFFERING4ART

Scarlett doesn't mind spending her life naked in chains. A shameless pain slut, she has a morning swing outside Master's window before taking her bath in a bucket as usual. Maybe he's in the mood today. Laboring in the kitchen, she dreams of wicked things he could do to her while crushing her tits with the rolling pin. It gets her so wet she has to fuck herself with the handle, but when her howling gets his attention, he finds her innocently sweeping the floor. He's not fooled. Perhaps a tight leather harness will remind her to keep her hands off her knockers until otherwise instructed. But scrubbing the floor and wringing out the rags, her hands still find themselves where they don't belong.





Stern measures are obviously necessary, but even the cruel cunt clips only make Scarlett's big clit even harder. She can get herself off fucking a bottle even with her pussy stretched open by the biting steel. Even the tit press just makes the voluptuous pain slut juice up more. Incapable of embarrassment, she smiles up at him as she squats to piss in the pail. She'd much rather masturbate for his entertainment than do her domestic duties. There's only one thing to be done with a slave like Scarlett, and with her legs tied wide open above her, she's only too ready to perform the tasks at which she most excels. She may be indolent and inefficient, but she always sins for her suffering.





A woman with short, curly brown hair and red lipstick is crouched inside a large, rusted metal cage. She is looking back over her shoulder at the camera. The cage is made of thick metal bars and is situated in a room with chain-link fencing in the background. The lighting is dramatic, with strong shadows.

ALANI AND OWEN PAIN ASYLUM

Photography by PONY GOLD

Owen's cock precedes him into the torture chamber. Alani suffers so sweetly, naked on her hands and knees in the rigid cage. She's just a prisoner to be broken, and he can stuff his huge slab down her gullet anytime he wants. After a few choking strokes he moves on to the humiliating hole inspection. He wants her dripping before dragging her aching body out of her barred hell and planting her on the squatting frame. It's going to be electricity tonight because she made the mistake of begging him not to use it on her. Struggling to breathe in the tight steel collar, Alani cringes when the clamps go on her tender nipples even before he twists the knobs on the box, raising the current until she screams. Tits and cunt lewdly thrust out, there's nothing she can do but endure the confusing sensations of the shock box and his massive meat stirring her insides. When Alani's close to coming, he bumps the current higher.

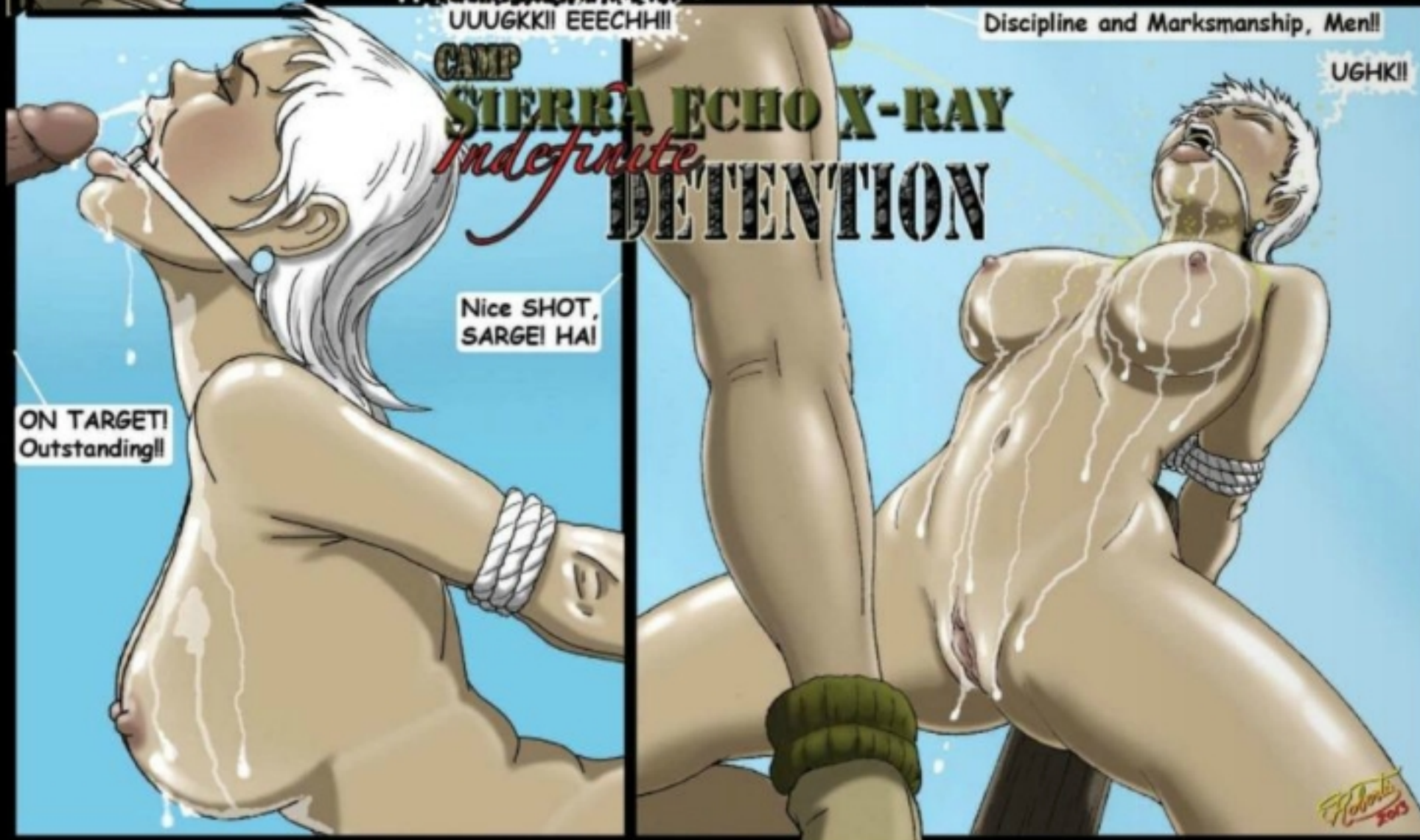
When she's not quick enough to answer his questions, she finds herself on the bench, ass up and head down, while Owen switches off between the whip, the electrified vaginal probe and the cattle prod. He leaves the shocker in her cooze while shafting her ass for an eternity, each stroke moving the internal plug around to zap her in new places inside. She still won't confess, but she will beg him to come in her mouth and all over her face. They both hope she doesn't crack too soon.











YOU! You will LEARN OBEDIENCE! ORDER!

UUU??

We'll see how REBELLIOUS you are impaled on a huge rock hard DICK!!

NNNNNN!!



NN!NNNN!! OOW!!



Colonel!..Ahem.. Colonel SIR!!

Major Dykes requests to return to duty, SIR!!

Permission granted.

AT EASE, Major...



UUUUUUUUUUUU!!!

Heh heh heh...

Now Major..What of your Captain? Where is SHE?

I will have her report here IMMEDIATELY, Colonel.



KRAKK!!



Hope you can do BETTER than THIS, SLUT!! The MAJOR is NOT going to be PLEASED!!!

CONTINUED...



COMING NEXT MONTH IN HUSTLER'S TABOO.

Lucy likes being his dirty little secret. Wearing nothing but her whore stockings and nipple bars, she greets him in the anonymous motel room for their perverse assignation. He's good with the ropes, tying her in every way that exposes her holes for his use. He spansk her hard until her butt burns and makes her get herself off with rubber cock before spreading herself for the real thing.

Catie's foolish escape attempt ends in the construction yard behind the isolated compound. The guards go right to work on her. Strung up on a tree branch, she's cavity searched, tit clamped, suspended by her ankles and cruelly whipped front and rear. Clothespins applied to tender tissues, Catie has to get herself off with a dildo and then piss a humiliating gusher for their amusement before being dragged through the mud back to her cell. Filthy and bedraggled, she awaits further punishment and the hardest of sex slave service for her pitiful act of rebellion.

You want more? There's plenty. Hot bound babes sucking and fucking, fetish girls giving each other the works, an Olympics worth of water sports, sick sex stories, super-hard BDSM art, inside reports on the latest kink events, butt-sex secrets from Tristan Taormino and sagacity for slave by Nina Hartley, we've got them all ready and waiting in the next HUSTLER'S TABOO.

TABOO DECEMBER 2013
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will she?

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